Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten

RANK

GORGEOUS

# THE PIRATES

The Story of a War-Craft Stolen From the Brooklyn Navy Yard

## By MORGAN ROBERTSON Canada a san a

cept as indicated by the trade-wind their chests, clouds, Denman could only surmise that a west-northwest course would hit the American coast somewhere between Boston and Charleston. But what they wanted there was beyond what they wanted there was beyond the son stronger of fingers, for sud-denly Forsythe broke away from his grin and account the close pressure of their chests.

county and the south right portains of the county of the south and who there are still become original to recent the county for the county for the county for the county of the county o

the stay at sea or not. However, there could have been no vote since Billings's last visit because of their condition. But Forsythe had indubtably taken chronometer sights in the morning, and, being most cortainly sobor, had doubtless worked them out and ascertained the longitude, which, with a meridian observation at mon, would give him the position of the yacht.

The 'big things' requiring a vote were all in Forsythe's head, and he had merely anticipated the vote. Not knowing their position himself, except as indicated by the trade-wind.

Siprang at his throat.

With an oath Forsythe gripped him, and they awayed back and forth in they awayed to the utmost. Forsythe expended breath and energy in curses.

Lenman said nothing until Florrie screamed again, then he found voice to call out!

"All right, Florrie, I've got him."

She remained silent while the battle constitued. At first it was a wrestling match, each with a right arm around the hody of the other, and with Denman's left hand gripe ping Forsythe's left wrist. Their left hands swayed about above their heads, to the right, to the left, and down between the close pressure of their chests.

WHAT A

HIDEOUS

TIE !

WHAT A

FASCINATING TIE

CHAPTER XII.

Seat down to them it and the season before the voice had ceased, and in the darkness burely made out the figure of a man fumbling with the knot of the statement had been at big the statement down to their and, without a word of warning, may had spoken of a vote-to stay at sea or not. How.

With an oath Forsythe gripped him, and they swayed back and forth in

| Washington | Was

# CARREST AND A PROPERTY AND A PERSON NAMED OF PERSONS ASSESSED. NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD The Sword of the Emperor By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

CHARLEST BERNELLE WILLIAM STREET

deck, Florus " culled Donman, "If mind the thought that one

WOULD RATHER

SHOOT MYSELF

HAN TO WEAR

SUCH A THING

MOST STYLISH

THING . I HAVE

SEEN IN MEN'S

LWOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD

WEARING A

THE LIKE THAT

SO NIFTY

SO NOBBY

Jose can, throw one ower," His disappointed for a morning, then cuttor born, and errod sort fronticulty:

"Go down and get the tablecists." sold Denmun as colmit as he could. with his now just not of water and mith his name just not be a bearing ing, heavy, frightened man bearing

rie. and Delinian, while he held the with a cross small from the northwest, breepenselie Hampson away from the which indicated a push from beyond still frail emport. She obeyed him, the horizon not connected with the

tring the knot that all women tie, but which no solver can name, and then bentman led his man up to it.

Hampaon clutched it with hoth hands, drew it taut and supported his weight on it. Fortunately the knot did not slip. Deniman also held himself up by it until he had recovered his breath, then cant about for means of getting on board. He felt that the tablectoth would not bear his weight and that of his water-socked clothing, and temporarily gave up the plan of climbing it.

Forward were the signal halyards; but they, too, were of small line, and, even if doubled again and again until the beat-socked but they, too, were of small line, and, even if doubled again and again until the beat-socked but they, too, were of small line, and, even if doubled again and again until

when Phorrie wakened from No. there is nothing—no supen for a while made to more wood shall I so?" be dismused it. Jutkins was

### CHAPTER XVI.

LORGIE had proved herself a good creek, and they ate Flurria ventated, and soon reaga-peared with the tablecists of the morning's breakfanat. It was a stock of generous give and she lowered it calm sen; but the long steady, low-The one corner to the rail, ther. moving hills of him were now mingled

but they, too, were of small line, and, even if doubled again and again until strong enough, he knew by experience the wonderful strength of arm required in climbing out of the water hand over hand. This thought also removed the tablecloth from the problem but auggested another by its association with the necessity of fall. Then, for a day signal of dis-

problem but auggested another by its association with the necessity of feet in climbing with wet clothes.

He remembered that forward, just under the anchor davit, was a small, fixed ladder, botted into the bow of the boat for use in getting the anchor. So, cautioning Sampaon not to let so, he swam forward, with Florrie's frightened face following above and, reaching the ladder, easily climbed on board. He was on the high forecastle deck, but the girl had reached it before him.

"Billie" she exclaimed, as she approached him. "Oh, Billie—"
He caught her just as her face grew white and her figure limp, and forgot Sampson for the moment. The kisses he planted on her lips and cheek forestalled the fainting spell, and she roused herself.

"I thought you would drown, Billie—don't do that again. Don't leave me alone."
"I' won't, Florrie," he answered stoutly and smilingly. "I'm born to be hansed, you know. I won't drown. Come on—I must get Sampson."

They descended—Denman picking up his pistol on the way—and found Sampson quietly waiting at the end of the tablecloth. With his life temporarily safe, his natural courage had come to him.

"The goffig to tow you forward to the annehor ladder, Sampson. You'll